

All According to Plan

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Summary

Lan Wangji finds himself temporarily stuck in his younger body, years in the past. Not knowing how much this would affect his own timeline, decides to mimic his younger self's behaviour to the best of his ability.

Predictably, pretending that he can't stand Wei Wuxian proves to be virtually impossible.

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It began like this; Wei Ying, as he so often did these days, had found a new topic of interest. Time travel was an impossible concept to many, and yet, to Lan Wangji's husband, attempting the impossible was just an everyday occurrence; and of course, if anyone was going to create a talisman capable of taking someone to the past, it would be Wei Ying.

The talisman was still in its early days though, and there was still so much they didn't know about it. Lan Wangji had repeatedly cautioned his husband, reminding him that time travel was a dangerous thing to be playing around with; they simply didn't know enough about it, or what the effects on the timeline would be. They had no idea if it could potentially change their own timeline, or simply cause another one to diverge.

Wei Ying had promised to be careful, his voice earnest and sincere, and Lan Wangji had believed him. Wei Ying didn't take unnecessary risks these days, knowing that it could reflect badly on his husband, or make Lan Wangji worry about him.

In the end, despite Lan Wangji's concerns, it wasn't Wei Ying who had ended up traveling to the past. In his defense, activating the talisman had been a complete accident, but that didn't do much for his frustration when he found himself back in the body of his younger self, years in the past.

(Wei Ying would be interested to learn about that; he hadn't been quite sure how the time travel would actually take place).

Lan Wangji knew that the effects of the talisman were only temporary from what Wei Ying had told him. *That* wasn't his concern. He needed to be careful, and not give anyone any reason to doubt his identity.

He would need to make sure that no one suspected anything was different, and he would need to stay as close to the events of this time period as he could.

...

Keeping up the facade of being his younger self would be easy. Of course Lan Wangji was aware that there were differences in their personalities and temperament, but they would be minor to most people. He would just have to be careful not to spend too much time around the people who knew him best; he was sure he could avoid his uncle and brother for the next few days.

Wei Ying would be...difficult. Lan Wangji was aware that he still had to oversee his punishment in the library, and the thought of not holding his husband close, stroking his hair, pulling him onto his lap, was...not pleasant. Even less so, the thought of having to be

outwardly dismissive, even *cold* towards him, because he remembered how his younger self had acted towards Wei Ying, and he hated it.

Wei Ying deserved to be adored and indulged, and if Lan Wangji wanted to maintain any semblance of a believable act, he absolutely could not do that.

Well. He wouldn't be overly rude, because he could never bring himself to do that, but if he remained silent and seemingly aloof, that would be enough.

(Later, as Wei Wuxian chatted away, spending more time talking than actually copying down any of the rules, and Lan Wangji silently waxed poetry about his beauty in his head, Wei Wuxian wondered why Er-gege *actually* seemed to be listening to him today. And why he hadn't silenced him yet, or told him to shut up. Truly, the peerless Second Jade of Lan was a mystery to be unwoven).

...

Lan Wangji thought he was doing a wonderful job so far. The rules spoke against being too prideful, but Lan Wangji thought he had some right to do so after the turmoil he had experienced in not spoiling his husband.

It was truly *hard*. Wei Ying, in his own body nonetheless, looking bright, and cheerful, and beautiful, and *cute*. So, *so* cute. No one knew just how *difficult* it was for Lan Wangji not to drag him off to Caiyi Town and buy him whatever he desired.

While Wei Wuxian served his punishment in the library pavilion, Lan Wangji watched over him calmly, trying to appear stern and unmoving, while inwardly marvelling at the sight of his husband in his original body.

When they were outside of class, or in class, and Wei Wuxian would run up to him with a teasing smile, and a loud, "*Lan Zhan!*", Lan Wangji would pretend to be as aloof as ever. Holding back a smile was harder than he'd ever imagine it being, but he persevered. He'd experienced far greater hardships in his life, and a few days resisting his husband was far from the worst of them.

"Would you stop annoying Lan Wangji?" Jiang Wanyin grumbled. "He clearly hates you, and you're just going to get in more trouble if you keep doing this."

'From the man who has never been, and will never be, in a relationship himself,' Lan Wangji thought uncharitably.

"Lan Zhan doesn't hate me!" Wei Wuxian protested, laughing carelessly.

'That is correct,' Lan Wangji thought, pleased. He then turned away when he became aware that Jiang Wanyin was shooting confused glances in his direction, and he realised that he'd been staring at them for a bit too long.

...

Lan Wangji was doing a fine job at emulating his younger self; however, even he would have to be an exemplary actor in order to fool his brother.

He had *tried* avoiding the other man, but Lan Xichen could be very persistent when he wanted to be, and Lan Wangji had maybe been a bit too complacent during his time here.

“Wangji, have you been well?” Lan Xichen asked, smiling gently. Lan Wangji felt his chest clench slightly at the sight of his brother, free of the burdens of the future.

“I am well, Brother,” he assured him.

“I’ve noticed you seem to have your eye on Young Master Wei a fair amount recently.”

Lan Wangji stiffened slightly. Surely he hadn’t been too obvious about that; a few glances here and there, because how could he possibly look away from that radiant smile, and those beautiful eyes completely — he was still *human* — but he’d restrained himself from acting in a way that would draw any suspicions.

“I have not been staring at Wei Y — Wei Wuxian,” Lan Wangji said at last.

Lan Xichen raised an eyebrow. “I’m sure he liked the gift you bought for him.”

Lan Wangji stared, bewildered. What gift? He had very resolutely talked himself out of buying the beautiful comb with black and red embellishments that he’d seen in the marketplace the other day, because he’d decided that it wasn’t something the Lan Wangji of this timeline would do.

“The spices?”

Lan Wangji stiffened. Oh. Yes, the reason he had visited Caiyi Town in the first place, although he would hardly consider that a *gift*. It was a...necessary purchase. Wei Ying hadn’t been eating properly, miserably poking at the plain congee at breakfast the other day, and moaning about how he couldn’t *possibly* eat something so bland, and wasn’t that a fair complaint? His beloved had been raised in Yunmeng, was used to spices that would practically burn a hole in anyone else’s tongue.

Perhaps Lan Wangji had made a trip to Caiyi Town, purchased enough spices to last for the rest of Wei Ying’s time at the Cloud Recesses (spices that he was very accustomed to buying for his own husband, so much so that he could have selected them with his eyes closed), and had taken them back to the kitchen staff, and requested that they use them in all of Wei Wuxian’s meals.

Perhaps he had been a little too willfully ignorant about how strange this was for him — but what was his other option? Allow Wei Ying to continue to suffer through his mealtimes in discomfort?

Lan Wangji had perhaps been silent for a bit too long. Lan Xichen smiled knowingly, and pat him on the shoulder.

Lan Wangji sighed inaudibly. Well, it wasn't as if his brother hadn't been aware of his infatuation with Wei Ying, even at this point.

...

Things continued fairly normally for the rest of the day. Lan Wangji went to bed that night, and tried to ignore the strangeness of being alone in the Jingshi, without his husband's things scattered haphazardly, without Wei Ying curled up beside him in bed, and reminded himself that he would be home soon.

He woke up the next morning, got dressed, walked to class, and prepared himself for another fairly standard day. He'd forgotten the monotony of life as a student, before Wei Ying had become a permanent fixture, before his son had entered his life. He was feeling strangely melancholy as he made his way down the hallway, just as Jin Zixuan was sent sprawling to the floor with a loud yell.

Wei Wuxian stood over him, his face red with outrage, and Lan Wangji —

Lan Wangji felt a wave of exhaustion. Of all days, this was happening *now*?

He could hardly intervene, even as if saw his Uncle striding forward, his expression almost apocalyptic. He *couldn't* argue, because he didn't know the effects of changing the timeline too greatly, and this *was* a significant event — not on par with the things Wei Ying would later experience, but it had cut his time in the Cloud Recesses down significantly, and Lan Wangji *could not interfere*.

Uncle was lecturing Wei Ying, his voice furious, his face red. Wei Ying was arguing back, because of *course* he was, perfect, stubborn Wei Ying, and Lan Wangji should walk away right now, and let things follow the course that they were supposed to —

He started striding forward, even before his mind had finished with its protests.

“Uncle,” he said, coming to a stop beside Wei Ying.

“Wangji,” Lan Qiren said, sounding almost relieved. “Did you witness what happened here?”

Wei Ying averted his gaze, looking almost embarrassed for a moment. Jiang Wanyin looked apprehensive. Jin Zixuan was staring furiously at Wei Ying.

That did it.

“Yes Uncle,” Lan Wangji said.

...

After explaining in detail to Lan Qiren exactly what had happened — about how, yes, Wei Wuxian should not have reacted in such a physical manner, but he *had* been provoked, with Young Master Jin insulting Wei Wuxian's sister, and speaking of another person in such a

discourteous manner — his uncle had decided that both Wei Ying and Jin Zixuan would receive strikes with the discipline ruler for their transgressions.

Wei Ying was not to be sent home early this time around. Lan Wangji acknowledged this with a fair amount of panic as he walked away from the scene, where he had amassed a considerable crowd — apparently the Second Master Lan defending the supposed bane of his existence came as a great shock to many people, if Jiang Wanyin's unhinged jaw was anything to go by.

He had more pressing concerns to deal with now. Wei Ying wasn't going home, which meant that Wei Ying would be spending the rest of the year here; a true dream in the mind of his younger self, and his own, but that didn't change the fact that this *wasn't supposed to happen*.

He supposed he could find some other way to send Wei Ying home, but even the mere thought made him bristle. He would *not* see Wei Ying punished unfairly, and these days, 'unfairly' seemed to have a rather broad spectrum.

"Lan Zhan!" Lan Wangji turned around, and quickly schooled his expression. He doubted anyone would be able to see the sheer adoration in his eyes, but there was no point risking it.

"Thank you for sticking up for me, Lan Zhan!" Wei Ying said, and suddenly he was far too close, a sweet smile on his face — the one he always gave Lan Wangji when he was most happiest and content — his eyes sparkling, and his cheeks ever-so-slightly flushed, and Lan Wangji felt the tips of his ears turn red.

"Mn," he said, suddenly grateful for his limited word inventory. He then hurried away in the other direction.

He missed his husband so, so much.

He was also suddenly acutely aware that this was the longest he had been without his everyday in a long while.

...

He decided to make his way to the cold springs a few moments later.

...

He was meditating in the cold springs, trying to clear his mind, and may have drifted off slightly. He was in the midst of a lovely dream about the last time he had seen his husband, rumped, flushed and smiling in their bed, when there was a loud splash, and, a moment later, a cooing voice in his ear.

"Oh *Er-gege*," a familiar voice giggled. "Did you really fall asleep in here? It's *so* cold — "

Lan Wangji's eyes fluttered open, and he smiled slightly. He missed the way Wei Ying's eyes widened in shock, lost in those pools of silver, and without even thinking, he leant forward and gave his husband a tender kiss on the forehead, wrapping his arms around him.

Wei Ying let out a startled noise, reminiscent of that time A-Yuan had accidentally stepped on a bunny's tail when he was younger, and Lan Wangji's eyes flew open as he remembered that this *wasn't his husband*.

Feeling nothing but alarm, and thinking, '*This was not supposed to happen*,' Lan Wangji shoved him away. Apparently he'd put a little too much strength into that, because Wei Ying was sent careening into the opposite end of the cold spring, slamming against the edge.

All at once, that feeling of panic was replaced by one of concern, as he rushed over to Wei Ying.

"Wei Ying!" he said, alarmed. "Are you alright?"

"You kissed my forehead," Wei Ying said, sounding slightly dazed. "And you called me Wei Ying. And threw me into a wall."

"Did you hit your head?" Lan Wangji fretted, turning him around by the shoulders to check his back and head. Wei Ying looked fine; his back looked very red, although that had more to do with the strikes he'd received from the discipline ruler.

It took him a moment too long to realise Wei Ying's state of undress, and Wei Ying let out a dazed sigh.

Lan Wangji let go, and backed away.

He remembered his lectures to his husband on being careful with time travel, and the dangers of potentially changing things, and bit back a sigh. He would make sure to do additional handstands tonight.

Wei Ying had looked dazed, his hand pressed against his forehead, his cheeks pink. Lan Wangji breathed through his nose. He'd copy out the rules too.

...

He walked Wei Ying back to his room.

"Get some rest," he told Wei Ying gently. Wei Ying looked slightly starry eyed as he nodded his head.

Lan Wangji was intending to make his way back to his room, but then remembered that Wei Ying had currently undergone quite a shock. Perhaps it had only been a forehead kiss, but considering how innocent and oblivious the Wei Wuxian of this time period was, Lan Wangji might as well have tried to ravish him.

After a moment of indecision, he turned, and made his way to the kitchen. Wei Ying must be hungry.

The Lan Wangji of this timeline would *not* cook a full feast for his supposedly unrequited love, while the rest of the kitchen staff looked on in shock, but then, he had evidently already ruined this timeline today.

He carried two trays laden with food to Wei Ying's room.

"What," Wei Ying said, when Lan Wangji entered his room after knocking politely on the door. "Uh — Lan Zhan, it's a bit early for dinner, isn't it? Also, I think you have the wrong room..."

"Eat," Lan Wangji said, placing some of Wei Ying's favourites in a bowl, and passing them over.

Wei Ying gaped at him. Wordlessly, he put some of the food in his mouth, and stared chewing. "Oh wow," he said, in between mouthfuls. "This is actually really good! I didn't even know they cooked this kind of food here."

"They don't," Lan Wangji replied. "I made it."

Wei Ying nearly dropped his bowl.

Lan Wangji watched Wei Ying, not even bothering to hide his interest. Wei Ying seemed oddly shy, peaking up through his lashes, and then quickly glancing down at his food again. It was utterly adorable.

"Aren't you going to have any, Lan Zhan?" Wei Ying asked, staring at him with wide eyes.

Lan Wangji didn't want any. He didn't think anyone but Wei Ying would want any of this; the food felt akin to setting fire to his own mouth.

Lan Wangji gave him a curt nod, and placed a mouthful of the red coloured monstrosity in his mouth. Years of practice allowed him to maintain a carefully blank face as he chewed.

"It's good," he told Wei Ying, who beamed in response. He supposed his younger self would have to forgive him for any mouth ulcers or burns he might feel when he returned to his body.

"You know, Lan Zhan," Wei Ying said, his head rested against his palm, "You're acting so different today! Cooking for me, and, uh — " He flushed slightly pink, and hurried onwards, "the cold springs — and then pushing me a way like that. Is this a huge prank? Are you pranking me? And if you are, should I be offended or proud?" Wei Ying tapped a finger against his chin thoughtfully.

Lan Wangji, acutely aware that he had well and truly tampered with the original timeline of events, and also aware that he only had a limited amount of time here, honestly didn't know what to say to that.

"That is for you to figure out," Lan Wangji said at last, for lack of anything better to say. He met Wei Ying's gaze with his own.

Wei Ying let out another squeaking noise, similar to the one he'd made at the cold springs, and ducked his head down quickly.

...

After a pleasant afternoon spent with Wei Ying, listening to him as he rambled on, changing topics frequently, and looking and sounding like the most lovely thing he had ever seen, Lan Wangji made his way back to his room with the resigned sense of someone who knew how badly they had screwed something up, and knew that there was truly nothing they could do to fix it.

He sat down at his desk in the Jingshi, and proceeded to write a very long, detailed letter to his younger self. He began by explaining who he was, and why Wei Ying would be under the impression that Lan Wangji had kissed him (on the forehead, he wrote, so that his younger self wouldn't mentally implode before he even finished reading the letter); and then, after a brief moment of hesitation, Lan Wangji reasoned that he really didn't know how much had already changed because of his actions. After all, even the slightest changes could have far-reaching consequences.

His mind made up, Lan Wangji proceeded to write down everything he remembered from the Sunshot Campaign and what came after.

'Be very clear when telling Wei Ying about your feelings,' Lan Wangji added, giving it its own separate paragraph, because this part was important. *'You must be very careful about what you say. Plan your words beforehand. Perhaps ask Brother to help you script them.'*

After all, his love was beautiful, and talented, and smart, and absolutely perfect, but he was also a tad oblivious, and had a ridiculously low self-esteem.

He thought for a moment, and then quickly drafted out two letters to his uncle and brother; his younger self may be capable, but he was still a child, and Lan Wangji didn't want to place too much pressure on his shoulders.

He looked down at his work with satisfaction. If things were going to change here, then he might as well give them the necessary resources to change things for the better.

He could only hope that his own timeline was still intact, or he would have a lot to explain.

...

When the time travel talisman finally took him home, his husband greeted him with a beaming smile. Lan Wangji pulled him close, giving him a long kiss, and then proceeded to kiss every inch of his face.

"Lan Zhan!" Wei Ying giggled, his eyes bright. Lan Wangji had missed him so much.

It turned out nothing had changed in their own timeline, which proved one of Wei Ying's many theories - the time travel had simply caused another timeline to diverge. Wei Ying listened on in wide-eyed interest, quickly taking notes as Lan Wangji detailed his experience in the past, while Lan Wangji stroked his hair with gentle motions.

He could only hope they'd manage to heed his advice in the other timeline. And that, perhaps, his and Wei Ying's younger selves could have their happy ending a bit sooner.

Chapter End Notes

Aaaand once again I find myself writing another one shot despite having WIPs that I really need to update.

...In my defense, I have actually made progress on the next chapters for those so...hopefully they won't take too long to get done. I just get very easily distracted.

Anyway, hopefully you guys will enjoy this in the meantime! I'm at it again with my usual obsession with time travel fics. Let me know what you think! :)

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

When Lan Wangji woke up that morning, he felt like he'd just had an unusually long period of rest.

Strangely, he couldn't seem to recall the previous few days. They were a vague blur in his mind when he tried to remember what had happened, or what he had been doing, and he felt his head throb when he tried to push too much.

It was concerning, of course, but he also couldn't spend too much time pondering the issue. As usual, he had woken at five o'clock, and, as usual, he would need to swiftly get ready if he wanted to arrive at breakfast on time. Years of practice made this an easy feat to do, and despite the strange, foggy feeling in his head, he still appeared as perfectly presentable as always as he made his way to the dining hall for breakfast.

He passed the kitchens on the way there, and was slightly perplexed when two of the kitchen staff, who had been sweeping the floors outside, waved to him with wide smiles. It wasn't as if they had ever been rude to him, but Lan Wangji knew that he wasn't the most approachable person, and, at most, he would have received a polite nod in the past.

Then they asked him if he would be using the kitchen to prepare lunch again, and glanced surreptitiously at each other, and Lan Wangji still had *no* idea what was going on.

He gave them a polite nod in response, unable to think of how else to respond, and continued his journey to the dining hall. To his relief, no one tried to approach him again; he did briefly pass Wei Wuxian in the corridor, although, as much as he tried to convince himself otherwise, he could never be *unhappy* when the other boy approached him. He was expecting one of Wei Ying's usual loud, and sometimes tactile greetings, but instead the other boy just turned red and looked away, stuttering.

Strange.

Perhaps Lan Wangji had stood for a second too long, staring in awe at Wei Ying's face, all flushed and pretty, because Wei Ying was hurrying down the corridor a moment later with a rushed, "Bye, Lan Zhan!"

Very, very strange.

Lan Wangji tried to ignore the way his heart beat a little bit too fast as he made his way to the dining hall. Maybe he should have told Wei Ying off for running in the corridor. Had he stared for a bit too long? And he wasn't sure if he had ever seen Wei Ying blush like that before. It was very...pretty.

'Inappropriate,' he told himself, scowling inwardly.

After entering the dining hall, Lan Wangji was able to make his way over to where his family were sitting with the comforting knowledge that no one would be able to try and speak to him here. As he sat down, he heard his uncle huff. He followed his line of sight, and saw that he was staring in disapproval at Wei Ying, who had just thrown himself into a chair beside Jiang Wanyin.

Lan Wangji looked away quickly.

After they had finished eating, and Lan Wangji had stood up, preparing to make his way to his first class, his uncle spoke.

“Wangji, I don’t know why you went and bought all of those spices for that boy.”

Lan Wangji paused, and turned to him in confusion. “What?”

“Leave it, Uncle,” Lan Xichen said, his voice amused.

Lan Qiren huffed, clearly disapproving of whatever Lan Wangji had apparently done. He glanced back at his brother, who smiled indulgently.

Lan Wangji turned and made his way to his first class, with the panicked feeling that whatever was going on, he wasn’t going to like it.

...

All throughout class, Wei Ying didn’t say a word to him.

This was almost more baffling than the fact that he had no memories of the past few days, or his uncle and brother’s strange comments that morning. What had he *done*? On any other day, Wei Ying would be trying to get his attention in every annoying way possible. Now, he was dead silent, his eyes glued to his notebook. Flanking either side of him, Nie Huaisang looked slightly starry eyed as he glanced in Lan Wangji’s direction, which would have been concerning if Lan Wangji wasn’t used to the other boy’s strange behaviour, and Jiang Wanyin, who was currently shooting him a death stare.

Lan Wangji made his way back to the Jingshi after class, intending to sit and meditate for a while. Perhaps it would help him remember the missing hours, and find out exactly why everyone was acting so strange.

It was then that he saw the letters.

In all of the confusion this morning, he had complete missed the sight of the three envelopes, sitting inconspicuously on his desk. Lan Wangji made his way over, feeling slightly confused. No one entered the Jingshi in his absence, save for perhaps his brother or uncle; but two of the letters were addressed to them, so that ruled out that possibility.

Lan Wangji picked up the one with his name on it, frowning slightly. There was something strange about this, and he couldn’t help but feel like he was missing something. It took him a moment to realise what it was - the handwriting.

This was *his* handwriting.

'Impossible,' he thought. Except, was it *really*? He had no memories of the previous few days. Perhaps he had written a letter to himself. He didn't know why he would do that, but then, he also didn't know why the kitchen staff were acting like they were old friends, or why Wei Ying suddenly looked like a blushing maiden.

'A very pretty blushing maiden.'

'Do not think inappropriate thoughts.'

He settled himself at his desk, opened the letter addressed to him, and began reading.

It didn't take long for his confusion to turn to utter horror. This had to be some sort of joke, except this had undoubtedly been written by him — it was his writing, and he had also been kind enough to include a few personal anecdotes that only he could know — and Lan Wangji *did not joke*.

That meant that this was true. All of this was *true*. It took him a moment to get past the "*kissed Wei Ying on the forehead,*" line, and as he continued to struggle with the notion that his future self had been *here*, and that the man had the gall to *kiss Wei Ying*, he realised that Wei Ying's strange behaviour from that day was starting to make so much sense.

Gods, Wei Ying was probably disgusted with him. He was probably furious; he hadn't even been able to look at Lan Wangji today, had barely been able to spit out a greeting. How could his apparent future self have done this?! Was the man trying to ruin his life?

Lan Wangji then remembered that he still had more than two thirds of the letter left, and continued reading.

If there was anything left of his brain by that point, it had long since imploded. Lan Wangji sat still for a moment, the letter dangling between his fingers, and tried focus on everything that he had read.

He could barely wrap his mind around all of it, the idea of a fast-approaching war on the horizon, or of Wei Ying, beautiful, brave, amazing Wei Ying *dying*. And, looming in front of all of that, the idea of having to leave the Jingshi and encounter Wei Ying again, knowing what he had done to him.

Perhaps he should remain in seclusion until Wei Ying left. Although, he needed to do something about what had been written in the letter, and the notion of Wei Ying dying was far more terrifying than having to deal with his hatred. Wei Ying could be angry at him for as long as he wanted, as long as he was safe.

Lan Wangji couldn't deal with any of this on his own. And so, he swiped up the letter addressed to his brother, and headed over to the Hanshi.

...

Lan Xichen finished reading his letter with a look of ever-growing concern, and said, “We will need to start planning.”

His brother didn’t doubt what was in the letter for a second, and Lan Wangji had no doubt that his future self would have included something in there to convince him. And Lan Xichen knew that if Lan Wangji believed what was in the letter, then he would too; it was comforting to know that his brother had that much faith in him.

Lan Wangji felt himself relax slightly. His brother was here now, and he knew everything. He would give his uncle his letter later on, and together, they would sort this out.

“I suppose it was your older self that purchased the spices then?” Lan Xichen mused aloud. “I did think that it was a bit forward of you...”

Lan Wangji froze.

“Brother,” he said, “what spices?”

“Ahh,” Lan Xichen said, his eyes widening slightly. “The ones that you purchased for Young Master Wei...don’t worry Wangji. I’m sure he doesn’t even know they were from you.”

“Brother, *I kissed him.*”

Lan Xichen stared.

“On the forehead,” Lan Wangji added, because the idea of kissing Wei Wuxian’s plump lips was almost too much for him to bear.

What was he supposed to *do* now?

“May I enter seclusion?” he asked his brother, hopefully. “Brother can still visit me.” They needed to make plans for what his future self had revealed, so it wasn’t as if he could be totally shut off from the rest of the world.

Lan Xichen sighed gently. “Wangji,” he said, his voice a source of comfort like it had always been, “Why don’t you try talking to Young Master Wei.”

Lan Wangji averted his gaze. No, he would not be doing that. Talking was daunting on a normal day. Trying to speak to the boy he had forced himself upon? No, no, he definitely would not be doing that.

...

Since Lan Xichen would not let him enter seclusion — Lan Wangji couldn’t help but feel betrayed — Lan Wangji did his best to avoid Wei Ying. It was becoming harder to do now that Wei Ying apparently gotten over his embarrassment from that morning, and had made several attempts to approach Lan Wangji throughout the day.

It might have been an encouraging sign, if Lan Wangji hadn’t been imagining all sorts of awful reasons for his sudden change of heart. Perhaps Wei Ying was coming over to yell at

him, or to say that he wanted nothing to do with him ever again. Or perhaps Wei Ying would pretend that nothing was wrong, because he was a good person like that, and Lan Wangji would have to spend the rest of their days wondering about how much Wei Ying really disliked him.

It wasn't like he would ever outright *ask* Wei Ying about it. Just the thought made him want to crawl back into the Jingshi and lock all the doors.

After all, if his father, and Sect Leader, could do it, then why couldn't he? He briefly paused his steps to admonish himself for such unfilial thoughts, and completely missed a fast-approaching Jiang Wanyin because of this.

"You!" Jiang Wanyin cried, pointing a finger at him. There was a deep scowl on his face, that didn't look too different from his usual facial expressions.

Lan Wangji stared back, unimpressed. "Shouting is prohibited."

"I don't care," Jiang Wanyin snapped. "Look, I don't know if Wei Wuxian is lying or not, so I'm not actually going to explain what this is about because — because that would be awkward."

Lan Wangji stared at him blankly.

Jiang Wanyin flushed, and his scowl deepened. "Just — if what Wei Wuxian said *is true*, then — how dare you just do something like *that*, and then ignore *my brother* — "

Lan Wangji had the horrified realisation of exactly what Jiang Wanyin was talking about, and he wondered if it would be rude to simply walk away. Jiang Wanyin clearly didn't care about being polite, and while Jiang Wanyin also didn't live his life according to a list of three thousand rules, Lan Wangji was considering making an exemption for today.

"Jiang Cheng! Jiang Cheng, what are you *doing*?"

Lan Wangji's head whipped around, and he wasn't sure if he was successfully able to hide his horror as he saw Wei Ying hurrying over. Nie Huaisang hurried behind.

"Jiang Cheng!" Wei Ying said again, when it became obvious that Jiang Wanyin had no intention to leave. "What did you say to him? Lan Zhan," Wei Ying turned to him, his eyes wide, "Lan Zhan, he's an idiot, you don't need to listen to him."

"Wha — hey!" Jiang Wanyin snapped. "Who's an idiot?! I'm not the one who let this person *kiss* me, and then allowed him to treat me like shit after!"

"He kissed me *on the forehead*."

Lan Wangji dropped to his knees.

Both brothers paused and turned to stare at him, their eyes wide.

"Forgive me," Lan Wangji said, lowering his gaze to the ground.

“I — *what?*”

“I — I do not deserve it. I have wronged you — ”

Wei Ying looked at him helplessly. “Is this because you pushed me into a wall?”

Lan Wangji’s head snapped up.

“*What?*” Jiang Wanyin’s voice was incredulous. “What the hell happened? Did he kiss you or not?”

“I kissed him,” Lan Wangji whispered. He felt shame rush through him. Oh, his future self truly had no shame, acting on his most primal instincts.

Jiang Wanyin reared back, spluttering, as if he hadn’t been fully aware of this already.

“Lan Zhan, I really didn’t mind — ” Wei Ying’s face turned red. “I mean — well — oh, to hell with it.”

Lan Wangji closed his eyes, and prepared for the tongue lashing that he’d been expecting since he had read that dreaded letter.

“Lan Zhan, I really liked it, okay?”

The shock of those words made his eyes fly open. His lips parted in shock, but before he could say anything, Wei Ying was barrelling on.

“You have really nice lips! I mean — well that’s — they felt nice on my skin? Okay, that sounds really weird, but the point is, *I liked it*. So you have nothing to apologise for. Also, you give really good hugs — ”

Jiang Wanyin’s eyes bugged. “What, there was hugging too?!”

“You were in the cold springs,” Nie Huaisang mused. “Were you wearing clothes?”

Lan Wangji froze.

Jiang Wanyin’s eyes sparked with rage, and he pointed a shaky finger at Lan Wangji. “*You!*” He then moved that finger towards Wei Ying. “*And you! Have you no shame?!*”

“Why are you still here?” Wei Ying demanded. Lan Wangji thought that it was a very good question.

Nie Huaisang managed to drag Jiang Wanyin away a moment later, ignoring his loud protests, and after the relief had passed, he realised that he was still kneeling. Wei Ying seemed to notice the same thing, and reached down to help Lan Wangji up.

“Lan Zhan, were you really worried that I was unhappy about yesterday?” Wei Ying asked. “I mean it, I really liked it. And it’s weird, you seemed so confident about it yesterday...”

“Mn,” Lan Wangji said, for lack of anything else to say.

“You made me that lovely meal! I think I forgot to thank you for that!”

“No need,” Lan Wangji said quickly, remembering what his brother had said about the spices.

‘You deprived man,’ Lan Wangji thought, thinking of his older self. *‘Kissing him, cooking for him — have you no ounce of self control?’*

Wei Ying smiled hesitantly. “Lan Zhan...you liked it too, right? You’re not...well, you haven’t changed your mind have you?”

Lan Wangji stared.

“N-not that there’s anything to change your mind about, of course! It’s not like you *confessed* or anything, because why would you —”

“Wei Ying,” Lan Wangji interrupted, “I liked it.”

Wei Ying’s jaw dropped open. A deep blush quickly spread across his cheeks, and Lan Wangji felt his heart beat faster.

Well, technically *he* hadn’t kissed Wei Ying, but it wasn’t a lie. If he *had* kissed him, then he would have undoubtedly liked it. *More* than liked it. Lan Wangji wanted to do it again right now, but the mere thought made his heart feel like it was about to burst out of his chest, so maybe he should take smaller steps.

“Did you want to have lunch together again, Lan Zhan?” Wei Ying asked, his voice almost shy. “Yesterday was really fun.”

He had no doubt that yesterday would have been fun, and he felt a sudden wave of jealousy towards his older self. “Yes,” he said, without a second thought. Wei Ying’s face lit up, and Lan Wangji watched in awe.

He would protect the boy in front of him, no matter what. He had been afraid of his own feelings for far too long, but now, with Wei Ying looking at him with a soft look in his eyes, and that familiar smile stretched across his lips, knowing that Wei Ying might just return his feelings, he couldn’t imagine turning away from him any longer.

He had no idea how to cook a meal for Wei Ying, but his older self had apparently befriended the kitchen staff, so maybe they would be willing to help.

He walked beside Wei Ying, feeling comforted by the knowledge of his presence by his side, and silently thanked his older self. He was more than happy to carry on from where the man had left off.

So I decided to add another chapter to this because I have absolutely no sense of self control. So, hopefully you guys enjoy this!

Also if you want to keep track of any updates/mentions of my other fics, this is my tumblr: [Tumblr](#)

And my twitter, which I currently mostly just retweet a bunch of mdzs stuff, but I am planning on probably including more updates/fic snippets on there at some point:
[Twitter](#)

Anyway, thanks for reading, and keep an eye out for more from my in the future! :)

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